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## MAINE FARMER.

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Will the Barberry Bush cause Rust or Mildew in Grain?

This question has been asked a thousand times, and received almost as many different answers. Many suppose that the fungus which attacks itself to the barberry resembles that which is seen on the wheat and rye, but no microscopic examination, that we know of, has identified it as the same, nor is it absolutely certain that grain, in the vicinity of these bushes, will rust any more than it would if planted on the same land, during the same season, if the bushes were not there.

The fungi on the barberry do not appear to do that which it is supposed to do, at least we never could discover that it did, and if we may be allowed to reason from analogy, in a matter that requires the strictest kind of scrutiny and the most careful experiment and comparison and research, we should say that it could not be of the same species (allowing rust or mildew to be a fungus) as that on grain. The barberry is a shrub, hard and woody—the wheat or rye is herbaceous—the barberry has a sap of a peculiar character, as may be seen by cutting into the bark, or known by tasting it. It would seem that it could not therefore be nourished by the juices of both; either the one or the other must be far from being congenial to it.

As a general thing, in this State, the soil that is natural, or congenial to the barberry, is not well adapted to wheat, though it will grow well on a wheat soil. And we have never seen any wheat fields near any considerable growth of the barberry, but we have seen rye growing in abundance in the neighborhood of large tracts of it, and could not discover that those fields, in such vicinity, every circumstance being considered, were any more injured, or troubled with rust, than those that were not in the neighborhood of the bush.

### Raising Lumber.

In conversation, the other day, with Mr. J. Moulton, an observing and intelligent farmer of Porter, Oxford county, he suggested the importance of more attention to our young wood, especially pine growth. His plan was as follows, being the course which we understood he had pursued with success. Trim up the trees suitably, and cut and grub every thing out except the growth you wish to preserve, and thin that out sufficiently to let the sun and air in. Sow some grass seed if you like, and let it grow over. In this way you will give the pine a chance to have all the influences of soil and air and sun. In the course of ten or a dozen years, many of the trees will be cut for numerous purposes, continuing to increase from year to year, and to become more and more useful and valuable.

Oak hoop poles are in good demand, and bring the cash. By stripping white oak acorns on the ground in the fall or first of winter, they will come up in the spring, and, by a little care and attention, they will be large enough in ten years to cut for market. After this, the suckers will spring up, which will, in less time than the above, if properly thinned and taken care of, produce as many more. Much of our waste lands may thus be converted to a very profitable use.

### Quinces.

Mr. HOLMES:—Is it not possible to raise Quince trees in Maine?

S. I.  
Augusta, January 11.

The above question we are not able to answer in full. Many who have tried to raise quinces have failed, either because they were not hardy enough to withstand the severity of our winters, or because they were not managed right. We have heard a few instances of success. On the farm of a Mr. Caswell, of Leeds, they have been successfully raised for a number of years. They have never suffered much from the cold, and have borne a good deal of fruit.

We tried them once, but they were put on too light land. They require a moist loam, but yet it will not do to have it where water will stand, or the land is become too heavy.

We understand that Mr. Frederick Wingate, of this town, is trying the experiment of raising them, and we hope to hear from him in regard to the success of his labors. Few kinds of fruit would be more profitable if they could be made to succeed here.

### Foddering on the Ground.

Mr. EDITOR:—What a miserable and wasteful policy it is to fodder cattle on the bare earth—the winds scattering it over the whole yard—the cattle, in wet weather, running over it with their dirty feet, and entirely wasting one-half the food that is fed to them!

Some provision of rack or box should always be made for that purpose. Where none is prepared, and no convenience exists for that purpose, the nearest operation we have observed is this: take 4 posts of 3 by 4 scantling, 6 feet long; board them up on four sides, 2 feet nine inches from the bottom and 6 feet square; nail a 6-inch strip across the top, to strengthen them, and then two strips of the same width diagonally from corner to corner, forming an X on each side, compelling the creature to eat in the centre of the frame. Four cattle can feed at each, and if the master creature offers to move, they simply change places by traveling, one-quarter round. It can be easily moved from place to place, and, it will make, is very durable.  
H. Y.  
(Genesee Farmer.)

RIDGE ISLAND PIGS.—The Providence Journal records the weight of several hogs killed in Coventry, as follows:—Three pigs eight months old belonging to Anthony Tarbox, weighed 84 pounds; three, 9 months old, belonging to Thomas Whipple, weighed 94 pounds; two, 9 months old, belonging to Caleb Kilton, weighed 790 pounds; and two, 8 months old, belonging to George W. Greene, weighed 710 pounds.



## A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIII. AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1845. NO. 4.

### Kennebec County Agricultural Society.

Report of the Committee on Crops.

The committee on crops, having attended to the duty assigned them, beg leave to report, as follows:

The premiums offered by the Society for the best crop of corn, they award to Daniel Craig, of Readfield. Mr. Craig raised one hundred and twenty-two bushels on two acres, as appears by his statement and other testimony.  
The premiums offered on the best crops of oats they award as follows: To Daniel Craig, of Readfield, the first premium for his crop of 76 bushels per acre. The second premium they award to Francis Hunt, Jr., of Readfield, for his crop of 66 bushels to the acre.  
The premiums offered for the best crops of potatoes they award as follows: To Francis Hunt, Jr., of Readfield, the first premium, for his crop of 515 bushels Long Reds per acre. To Moses Taber, of Vassalboro', the second premium, for the second best crop, of 268 bushels of Chenangoes and Carters per acre.

The two premiums offered for the best crops of pumpkins they award as follows: The first premium to John Kezer, of Winthrop, for his crop raised with corn, amounting, as near as pumpkins can be measured, to 273 bushels. The second premium to James Hutchins, of China, for his crop of five cords and three feet of pumpkins on half an acre of land.  
We award the premium offered for the best crop of carrots to John Kezer, of Winthrop, he having raised 207 bushels on one fourth of an acre of land. We also award a gratuity of \$2.50 to Mr. Cyrus Sampson, of Winthrop, for his crop of carrots.

They also award to Daniel Taber, of Vassalboro', the premium offered for the best crop of onions. He raised on 20 rods of ground 52 bushels.

The premium on Ruta Baga they award to Moses Taber, of Vassalboro', for his crop of 315 bushels on 90 rods of land. We also award to him the premium offered on English flat turnips, for his crop of 300 bushels on 72 rods of land.  
All of which is respectfully submitted.  
WILLIAM FOSTER, per order.

### Statements on Crops.

To the Committee on Crops.

GENTLEMEN:—The crop of corn entered by me for the Society's premium was raised on my farm in Readfield, in 1844, on two acres of land. It was a piece of grass land pretty well run out for grass. Early in the spring of 1843 I broke it up and planted it with corn; the worms troubled it very badly, so that I had a very small crop. We took off the corn and nothing more was done to the land until the spring of '44. We then ploughed the ground, harrowed it well three times, and sowed it 31-2 feet wide. We then dropped a good sized shovelful of my compost manure 2 1-2 feet apart, for the hills, and we did so the year before; we then covered the manure with a little dirt and dropped about six kernels in a hill, three beans on the side of the hill, and one pumpkin seed in every third hill of every third row. This we did the second week in May. The first of June my corn was up and looked well. We then put on a large tubspoonful of ashes to each hill, then hoed it well, and the corn stood well and was not touched by the worms. About the 20th of June we half-hilled it, and we did so the year before; we did it without the use of a plough or a harrow; the corn then did fair for a good crop. About the middle of July we went through the corn and cut up the weeds and sowed English turnip seed on every missing hill. About the 20th of August we topped the stalks. On the first of September we pulled the beans and stacked them in the field. The first of October we gathered one hundred and twenty-two bushels of good sound corn worth 75 cents per bushel, amounting to \$91.50.  
Twelve bushels of pig corn worth 4 50  
One large load of stalks worth 5 00  
Four large loads of butts worth 12 00  
Twelve cart loads of pumpkins worth 12 00  
Eight bushels of good white beans worth 12 00  
Thirty-two bushels English turnips worth 8 00  
Total of value, \$145 00  
Total of cost, 49 10  
Net profit, \$95 90  
DANIEL CRAIG.

### To the Committee on Crops.

GENTLEMEN:—Having made an entry for the Society's premium on oats, I shall attempt to give you a statement of my management of the land. In the fall of '43 I broke up a piece of land in my sheep pasture that had been mowed and pastured about twenty years, and was in very good order. In the spring of '44 I gave it a good harrowing, I then sowed three bushels of oats to the acre and harrowed them in and the work was done until harvest. I measured off one acre of the oats and mowed them, and when they were well dried I took them to the barn. The amount of this crop was sixty-six bushels of good hand-picked oats.  
Readfield, Dec. 23, 1844.  
FRANCIS HUNT, JR.

### To the Committee on Crops.

GENTLEMEN:—The crop of oats entered by me for the Society's premium, was raised on my farm in Readfield, on two acres of land where I had potatoes last year. I manured the land well before planting the potatoes, but no manure was put on the land this year. It is a piece of light loamy land with deep soil. We ploughed the ground and sowed the oats in the first week in May. I sowed the common English oats, three bushels to the acre, harrowed them in well, and then rolled them with a large roller. Nothing more was done to the oats until August, when we mowed and dried them well, and then carried them to the barn where they were thrashed by F. Dudley's thrashing machine, and there was one hundred and fifty-two and one-half bushels of well cleaned oats, being seventy-six

bushels and one peck to the acre, worth 25 cents per bushel. The whole on the two acres amounting to \$38 12  
Four tons of good outstraw worth \$3 per ton, 12 00  
\$50 12

Men's labor ten days, ploughing, sowing, harvesting, and thrashing, \$6 67  
Paid four cents per bushel for thrashing, 6 10  
Sowed six bushels of oats worth 1 50  
\$14 27

Total of value, 50 12  
Total of cost, 14 27  
Net profit, \$35 85  
DANIEL CRAIG.

### Gleanings from Old Authors.

BY D. J. BROWN.

It is with pleasure that we inform our readers that we have secured the frequent and regular contributions of D. J. Brown, the author of *Sylvia Americana*. They will, for the present, be confined to *Gleanings from Antiquity*, and will doubtless greatly enrich the pages of the *Farmer and Mechanic*, especially in the estimation of those who are fond of comparing the past with the present state of the arts.—Ed.

ANTIQUEITY OF THE PLOUGH.—The primeval plough of Egypt, and of the Eastern world, held in veneration from the earliest ages, and among all nations, was considered a sacred symbol, an emblem of power and dignity, a scepter fit for kings, and even gods to wear, a type of nature's bounty, and of peace on earth. To this invention of Ceres, and may be referred all the mysteries of Ceres, and many of the most sacred solemnities, the rites and the festivals of Egypt and of Greece. Such is the explanation of Kircher's Hieroglyph, in a symbolic point of view. That, as an archetype, it subsequently gave birth to an alphabetical sign, which was introduced among the characters used in Egyptian writing, is very probable, for a gradual change from the pictured form of visible objects to written types is manifest to any one who will give himself the trouble to collect and compare the various modifications which the hieroglyphics have sustained, an ancient plough being the archetype of an Egyptian character common in their writings. Hence we see clearly the kind of instrument mentioned by Diodorus, who says, the priests and kings of Egypt bore a sceptre in the form of a plough. Osiris is said to have constructed his own plough. Thales makes him the first husbandman. There were two methods of using the very simple implement here represented, one being the more ancient, but the shape of the plough remaining the same, which was that of the letter alpha, with one end shorter than the other. As a hand plough, the vertex was capped with brass or iron, which the husbandman forced into the ground with his foot, and this mode of using it gave rise to the invention and use of the common spade. This plough is used at the present day by the inhabitants of St. Kilda, in the Hebrides. When used as a draft plough, which must have been suggested by the improvement of a later age, the shorter limb of the alpha was tipped with metal, and it was then held in the position as it is now used by the inhabitants of that part of Sweden called Ostro-Bothnia. The hand plough was of course the earliest, not only on account of its antiquity, but as being the only portable implement.

The ancients knew every species of plough. The Greeks had two kinds, the simple or crook with a handle, as on the coins of Syracuse, and those of the colonies, especially a large brass coin of Commodus, whereon is Hercules guiding the Colonial plough, to trace the foundations of Rome. The compound plough has different pieces, and is described by Hesiod and Virgil. The part called *auriga* is thought to be a crooked piece, connecting the beam or *travo* with the *auriga*, and the *auriga* is the *auriga* to be of the same nature and use as our mould boards. The *dentula* held the *romer*, and the *cutler* the shares. Coins of the Sempromia family have a plough with wheels, an invention ascribed to the Gauls by Pliny, who mentions also the counter. The Anglo-Saxon plough had only one handle, but a wheel, and scarcely any variation in other respects from the modern. The Norman plough was without wheels and had but one handle, which the ploughman held in one hand, while in the other he had the plough-staff to break the clods with.

THE SPADE AND SHOVEL.—The spade of the classical ancients differed from ours in having a crosspiece of iron for putting the foot on, so that it could be driven beyond the blade. The Roman spade is enumerated among the utensils of a farm by Ulpian and Columella. They had another spade called *pala*, resembling the *ligo*. The Roman shovel had a long handle, with a crosspiece, longer than the modern, and placed beneath the extremity. This blade, as the modern, was in the form of an acute angled triangle. The Anglo-Saxon shovel had a triangular aperture at the top for inserting the hand, but the blade a demi-oval, was likewise fixed on one side, and appears to have been a wooden continuation of the handle, shod half way with iron, in a curve, but in the British era they used shovels made wholly of wood. Besides the *scopis*, or common shovel, they had a particular one for winnowing, called *wind-scoop*.

THE SAW AND SAW-MILLS.—The Greeks ascribed the invention of this instrument to Dedalos, or his pupil Talos, but it is more ancient, and occurs in the story of the building of Noah's ark. The use of the sawing people's asunder among the orientals. Gruter and Monceaux have engraved two kinds of saws. The handle of one was round and unlike the one of the present day; and the other had that high frame of wood work usual in the saws of antenators, and precisely of the modern form. Du Cange defines the word *scilicet* by a place, where trees were cut with a saw, or a mill for that sort of work. Beckman says, that the trunks of trees were split into planks by wedges, and that the idea of a saw was taken from a fish-bone, for which he quotes Ovid. He states that saw-mills carried by water power, occurred in the fourth century, both for cutting stone and timber, the latter either before the former, or both together. No mill for sawing wood was known to the Romans. Saw-mills occurred at Aensburg in 1322, and one was erected on the island of Madeira in 1420. The first in Holland was built in 1536. The first built in the United States, was at Aganoguet, in Maine, in 1623 or the year following. A wind saw-mill was erected upon the Thames by a Dutchman in 1623, but put down lest laborers should want employment. Another was erected in London in 1623, but opposed by the sawyers, who wrought by hand. In 1767 or 1768, one driven by wind was erected at Limehouse, but destroyed by a mob. Government punishing the offence, a new one was built, which gave rise to others. A wind-mill of this kind occurred at Leith, in Scotland, some years before.

### Indian Corn and Potatoes.

Salt Destructive to the Grub and Wire Worm—Discovered Potatoes.

LUTHER TUCKER, Esq.—Every experiment which is made by the farmer, whether successful or otherwise, should be published for the benefit of the community. Among the enemies of the corn crop, especially on sand land, the grub and wire worm are pre-eminent. Many expedients have been tried for their destruction, some of which have proved useful, and others have entirely failed.

I had about three acres of sand land which had been in grass for several years, which I ploughed in the spring for corn. On turning the sod under, I found the worms in great numbers, and fearful that my crop would be seriously injured by them, I sought for a preventive of their ravages. After it was ploughed, I sowed broadcast about one and a half bushels of fine salt to the acre, and harrowed and rolled the land. My seed was prepared by soaking in warm water for about eighteen hours—and I dissolved two ounces of salt ammoniac, and put in the water, in which about a bushel of seed was prepared. The corn was planted the two succeeding days after the salt was sown. The seed germinated very quick, the plants remarkably vigorous and grew luxuriantly. Not a single hill during the season, was found injured by the worms, altho' multitudes of them were in the ground. A neighbor, who occupied a field near mine, and who planted his seed in the ordinary way, lost at least one-third of his field by the worms.

I have no doubt my corn was much benefited by the salt ammoniac, in bringing it forward rapidly, but I have supposed that its preservation from the ravages of the worms, resulted from the application of the salt. The corn was an unusually good one, and ripened very early. The soil was a gravelly loam.

In a field near by the one in which the corn was planted, I had three acres of potatoes. This was sand land, but rather a sandy soil, with a clay subsoil. The land was manured with a good top dressing of barn yard manure, previous to ploughing. I planted five varieties of potatoes. The *Perfect* of Dr. H. Wendell, of Albany, two years since, and which has proved a very valuable as well as prolific variety. The *Pink Eyes*, *Silver Lake* or *Chenangoes*, *Black Ohio* potatoe, and the *Rohan*.

The seed was cut, and the potatoes planted in hills about three feet apart. The potatoes came up well, and for a time advanced as rapidly as could be desired. The *curl* or *rust* made its appearance when the potatoes were about half grown, and the crop from that cause was very seriously injured. The *Pink Eyes*, *Silver Lake* and *Black potatoe*, were also affected by the disease, which has prevailed so extensively this and the last season, and the crop from that cause diminished full one-third. The *Kelseyites* and the *Rohans* escaped the disease. In looking over an agricultural work, containing experiments in agriculture, made in Ireland, under the direction of the Dublin Society, in 1773, I find that the *curl* existed at that time in Ireland. The remedy there recommended, is *change of seed every year*, and *planting whole potatoes*. It is there said to have been successful.

In the field of corn alluded to, I planted four rows of potatoes, same kind of seed as the other. These grew finely, were not injured by the *curl*, nor were they diseased. Their growth and yield equal to the most favored seasons. What was the cause of this difference? Had the *curl* any influence upon the potatoes, and were they benefited by it?

The fact is interesting; and I give it in hopes it may lead to further investigation, and perhaps to some useful result.  
Yours,  
B. P. JOHNSON.  
[Albany Cultivator.]

### Subsoil Ploughing.

Col. Sherwood, of Auburn, made use of the subsoil plough the past season on fifteen acres. A part of the subsoiled land was planted to corn, and a part sown with wheat in the fall. The soil was loamy, and the subsoil was a heavy clay and gravel. He used the subsoil plough of Ruggles, Nourse & Mason. It required four oxen to draw it, and to work to the best advantage at the depth it was run in this case, which was one foot. Col. Sherwood thinks there ought to be six oxen. The team worked over an acre, to an acre and a quarter per day. The ground had not been ploughed for thirty years. It was naturally wet, so much so that in a wet time, the water would stand on it to the injury of the grass. The effect of subsoiling was to render the ground more friable, that the water immediately found its way through, and though a portion of the past season was very wet, the water at no time remained on or so near the surface as to do the least damage to the crop. That part which was put to corn, was first planted on the 20th of May, but the seed failed, and it was planted again on the last day of May and first day of June, and grew luxuriantly. Several acres of straw were cut in the neighborhood. Several strips of twenty to thirty feet wide were left under the field not subsoiled. The difference in favor of the subsoiled portion, was very obvious in the ranker growth and larger size of the corn on that part—it was so plain that it might be seen to a row. The different portions were not measured separately at harvest time. The effect of subsoiling on the wheat crop, cannot be told at present.—[Albany Cultivator.]

FARMING IN WINTER.—What shall a farmer, as a farmer, do in the winter? He has much to do in the winter peculiar to his profession, in his house, in his barn, in the woods and in the market. There is no need of his being idle. He has a great deal to do for the promotion of his interest. In the first place, if the rigors of the season drive him in doors, let him think himself a lucky man, for it is to the family that his first and most important duties are. He has a wife and children! Let him let him devote his thoughts and labors for the instruction and improvement of his children. See that they are well and tidily clad. See that they go to school, and are furnished with suitable books. See that their winter evenings are employed in useful reading and study, with innocent amusements intermixed rather than in visiting the haunts of dissipation and ruin. Let the winter be devoted to duties of the fireside and the calls of social intercourse.

BERKSHIRE PIG.—Calvin Root, Esq., of Sheffield, on the 13th November, killed a hog which weighed, when dressed, 510 pounds. The hog was 15 months old only. Also, at the same time, another which was only 18 months old, and which weighed at the time of the purchase, about the 15th of Nov., 137 pounds. It weighed when dressed 651 pounds. Allowing the shrinkage in dressing to equal the weight of the hog when purchased, there leaves a net gain of 161 pounds—showing an increase in weight daily of more than 13-4 pounds. [Great Barrington Courier.]

### From the Farmer's Monthly Visitor.

A Winter Scene.

A day of storm is past, and with dim eye,  
On the pale landscape looks the night's fair queen,  
But, on the horizon, the winds are high,  
Fresh from their Arctic cave, hoarse and keen,  
Where polar night frowns o'er the dreary scene,  
And where round ice-crag piled aloft they shout  
Their desolate carol, unrestrained, I ween,  
Now cease the drifting snow-shower on their route,  
Sweeping like demons past. Hark! how they howl without!

Rage, rage, ye winds! yet ye cannot annoy  
The pleasures of the farmer's fire-side known;  
Ye cannot dim the pure, domestic joy  
That glows his path, bright as the rising sun.  
Now every household care is hushed, and done,  
The cheerful supper, and the fire renewed,  
They form a circle round the warm hearth stone;  
The shepherd there, the laborer from the wood—  
All gathering round, seek not the outward world's rude.

Beauty, unsought by fashion's vilest sway,  
Is there with healthful industry combined;  
There love and friendship shed their mildest ray,  
With rural peace indissolubly joined.  
Contented, in one corner reclined  
With garlands tongue recounts the deeds of yore,  
While opposite, to studies lost resigned,  
The youthful portion sages of the world  
Their cheerful school-boy task, all emulous in lore.

So pass the night-hours fleet, and while I gaze  
On this thrice happy group, I think thus they,  
Who wisely in life's spring and summer days,  
Lay up, regardless of youth's care decay,  
Rich stores of virtuous knowledge, when the gray  
And dimmish twilight of old age shall come,  
Sweet on their early toil, though old yet gay,  
Unobscured death's near night of rayed gloom—  
Sweet recollections to the Spring that smiles beyond the tomb.  
Salisbury, N. H. I. H. C.

### Breaking the Horse and the Management of Him.

Mr. EDITOR:—Your remarks in the *Ploughman* of Nov. 15 and 22d, upon "breaking the horse," "management of the horse," are, in my humble judgment, to the point. So far as my own experience goes in horse keeping—and I have had some—I fully agree with your expressions on the subject. The horse is a noble animal; and I could wish as a general thing those who rear, and consequently have the early care of them, would exercise a little more judgment and foresight in breaking, or in other words, educating them to service. If they would do so, I think we should not see so many refractory, ill-bred, unfaithful horses as we now every where observe. Your *editorials* on the subject, I think, must have a tendency to do much good.

We have long thought certain analogical principles should be resorted to in breaking the horse. Certainly in the time of breaking, and the management of his physical strength. In these respects, he should be treated as a *dumb child*. Who that would train a child to usefulness and virtue, will let him go unrestrained in his early years? True, every child might not be spoiled by such indulgence and liberty; but many would probably be; so of the colt. It has been my practice for some time to halter-break or waywise my colts, according to your principles, while following the mare. Show me a horse, unmanageable and of dangerous temper that has been thus trained from colthood, and I will show you ten such that have been left unrestrained till fully grown. No mistake, colts should be handled, not used; trained, not abused, while young and of flexible temper.

Your remarks on teaching the horse to move at bidding reminds me of a horse anecdote. A neighbor of mine once told me he bought one of those ill-tempered horses, so often to be found, and a day or two after the purchase, he took him to the woods to draw a load of fuel. Having placed a reasonable load on the sled, he bid him go; but he would not start an inch. After every fair method had been tried to induce him to start, all to no purpose—(he only exhibited feats of ill-temper—snorting, leaping, dancing, backing, rearing up, &c.)—he very securely tied him to a sapling and left him to his will. At noon he was tried again, but to no better purpose. He was then left till night; still he had no mind to go. He was now left over night; but still he would not move. He was then left till morning; he felt quite willing to move, which very kindly he did with his load. His master then put him in the stable, rubbed him down and gave him a good breakfast. I was told he never after refused to move at his master's bidding. This was rather a severe chastisement, but perhaps it was the only way he could be cured of his contrary will. Probably if this horse had been properly treated when young, he might never have needed such severity.

In the matter of feeding the horse, we believe the Editor is right. Here an analogy too steps in to aid our reasoning. If a man be fatigued, cold and wet at the close of day, should the most nourishing and quickening substance be held till morning? All experience answers, nay. Just so with the horse; yes, and with the ox too.

But I may be spinning my yarn too long, if so, cut it short. Farmers generally like short speeches best. Respectfully,  
Butter's Vale, Dec. 9, 1844.  
B. F. WILDER.

Our correspondent has our thanks for his interesting communications. His story of the treatment of the ill-bred horse is quite amusing. His punishment was rather severe, but it was not half so cruel as horses often suffer, from the butt end of a whip over the head. Proper training will save us the trouble and pain of using any harsh means to make animals move as we desire them.

### Mass. Ploughman.

"WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN?" The poor "sparrow," says the Portsmouth (N. H.) *Journal*, will no longer have to bear the blame. A bill which passed the House laying a fine of \$2 on any person who may kill a woodcock or robin, between the 1st of March and the 1st of August, has been lost in the Senate. This leaves the farmer's fields a prowling place for sporting boys—and the destruction of the poor birds, their pasture. There must be a new edition of the ancient song prepared, beginning in this way:

Who killed cock-robin?  
We, said the Senate—  
And 'twas done in a minute—  
We killed cock-robin, &c. &c.

EXPEDITIOUS THRASHING.—Mr. Everly, of Northfield, made a bet of £5, with Mr. R. Leach, of Blackfording, that he would, within the short space of one hour, in his thrashing machine, thrash one hundred bushels of oats and bind the straw into bundles: the performance was witnessed by almost all the farmers in the neighborhood, and, extraordinary to relate, within forty-seven minutes, Mr. Everly thrashed 133 1-2 bushels and bound the straw into 240 bundles—a feat unparalleled in the annals of agricultural labor.—Exeter Post.

## Mechanic Arts, &c.

Manufactures at Lowell.

The following extract is from notes of a gentleman of Kentucky, travelling in the east. He was much pleased with the operations at Lowell, and among other remarks, says:—  
CALICO PRINTING.—We recently visited the printing establishments, where the bright white invention of a rapid process converted into the most brilliant and beautiful calico prints. The process was very interesting; each color is printed separately by an engraved copper roller, and after passing over four, five, or six rollers, according to the number of colors, the pattern or figures are completed. At one establishment they have thirty odd engravers constantly employed in making new patterns and engraving new rollers. After the cloths are printed, they are dried by running them over warm rollers, and through a heated room. Then the colors are set and "warmed fast," and finally the calicoes are glazed, folded, labelled, and are ready for sale. The whole operation from beginning to end, is extremely interesting; and the rapidity and the perfect accuracy with which the fabrics are printed by the rollers show an incalculable improvement on the old process of printing by hand with wooden blocks.

CARPENTRY.—At the carpet factory we saw them manufacturing carpets by power loom; the machinery is a most complicated and ingenious invention of a gentleman of Lowell. This is the only establishment in the world where carpets are manufactured and woven by machinery, the invention being so recent that it is still regarded as an experiment.—No doubt, however, can be entertained of its entire and perfect success, and in a few years hence, when the use of the power loom becomes general, we will be able to carpet every house in the United States and England, at one-half the price that it has heretofore cost. The extraordinary working of this almost intelligent machinery surpassed all complicated complications I ever beheld. The "modus operandi" surpassed my comprehension; but there were the carpets rapidly growing in the looms; carpets of two ply or three ply, ingrain and Brussels, all of the most brilliant dyes, the most beautiful patterns and the most fashionable styles. The rug department, too, was full of interest and wonder, and among various kinds of rugs, we noticed one, which for beauty of design, brilliancy of color, and fineness of texture, was far superior to any ever imported from Europe. We were told, that although this carpet mill had ninety looms in operation, and employed more than six hundred hands, they could not supply the demand for carpets, which they manufactured and sold cheaper than the foreign carpets could be imported.

BROADCLOTH.—The next establishment we visited was an immense woolen mill, where broadcloths and cassimeres were manufactured. The process of washing, dyeing, and spinning the wool, weaving and dressing the cloth—then pressing, finishing and folding it, was on a scale so extensive, that one can form no correct impression of it without really seeing and beholding for himself. The number of hands employed in this mill is between eight and nine hundred. There are 150 looms in constant operation and the cash capital of the corporation is \$500,000. We saw an immense stock of fancy cassimeres on hand which for elasticity, fineness, strength, and firmness of body, were equal to the very best French cassimeres we ever saw. In fact, one merchant in ten would have taken them for such and never known the difference. The styles were also new and tasteful, and we were informed that the stock would not be offered for sale before this fall, when a sufficient supply will have accumulated to meet the demand.

In the broadcloth department we were shown an article of black cloth for \$8 per yard, that compared advantageously with the French cloth we were wearing, which had cost fifty per cent. more. We felt truly ashamed of ourselves for wearing a foreign cloth, when just as good American cloth could have been bought and that too for much less money.

### Foreign Gleanings.

CLOTH SEWN BY MACHINERY.—The London *Journal* gives an engraving and description of a machine invented by Leonard Bostwick, London, for the purpose of sewing cloth and other materials of similar nature. In this invention the needle is made to pass into the machine between the teeth of two wheels, one large, another small, and is thus formed into doubles or crimps. During the revolutions of the large wheel the doubles or undulations in the cloth, are formed and forced upon, or taken up by the needles. When the work has passed through the machine, it is found that a running stitch has been produced. The longer the run, the stiffer is of course regulated by pressure by a change in the gearing wheels as respects the fineness or coarseness of the thread.

METALLIC SHEATHING.—John Lionel Hood, London, has received letters patent for an invention purporting to be an improved composition or mixture of metals applicable to the manufacture of sheathing for ships, &c. This invention consists in certain mixtures of copper, zinc and lead, with or without the addition of a small proportion of antimony, tin, or iron, in which the copper exists in various proportions, up to fifty per cent. The object being to produce a compound which is capable of being rolled out into sheets, for sheathing, also for forming ship's bolts, nails, and other fastenings. The addition of a third or fourth metal to the ordinary ingredients of brass (which are copper and zinc) is for the purpose of altering the crystalline arrangement of the metallic compound, brass metal, to enable the manufacturer to roll the same into various shapes, and also to form a compound capable of wearing well, yet containing a sufficient proportion of copper to render the surface of the plates susceptible of oxidation at sea, and thereby poisonous, by the formation of cupreous salts, so as to resist the attack and adhesion of barnacles and other marine animals, which would otherwise impede the rate of the ship's sailing. The mixture of the metals is formed in proportions, agreeing with their atomic ratios.

CLEANING CLOTHES.—It has seemed advisable by our English artists to employ steam as a valuable adjunct to the art and mystery of putting a new face upon soiled garments. Rene Allaire has received letters patent for an apparatus for applying the heat of steam for cleansing gentlemen's garments which have been cleaned by washing or wetting. The apparatus consists of hollow shapes, suitable for receiving the garments upon them and made steam tight. These shapes, on steam being admitted into them will not only dry a washed and wet garment, but at the same time any grease or oil spots will be removed, the surface of the fabric is then brushed, and if desired, the nap may be slightly improved with soft short wire cards.  
(New York Farmer and Mechanic.)











## The Muse.

From the Boston Bee.

### The Lay of the Bachelor.

A wife! a wife! a wife!  
A widow, or a maid!  
With real estate, and money to boot,  
A house with mortgage paid—  
And here's a ready hand  
To wed the needful wife,  
And amply skilled, when his purse is filled,  
To lead a married life.

To cook, or darn my pants,  
To make or mend a shirt,  
To kindle the fire on winter days,  
And keep the house from dirt;  
The nightly bed to make,  
The outside door to latch,  
And never fear on my face to find  
The nose-bleed or a scratch!

To a lonely boarding-house,  
My fiancée late to roam;  
The place where I hope to live and mope  
Is some rich widow's home—  
Where children giggle and grin,  
To see me often smile,  
With fingers and thumb upon my nose  
In self-approving style.

A wife! a wife! a wife!  
A widow, or a maid!  
With real estate, and money to boot,  
A house, with mortgage paid—  
With cash in store, and enough to spend,  
A "four in hand," to drive;  
And all to make me jolly and gay  
So long as I'm alive!

Alas, only give me cash,  
And then you need not fear  
That I shall run from a single dun  
When paying-time is near—  
Nor break my landlord's head  
For making out his bill,  
Or cause the tailor that made my coat  
His nasal blood to spill!

Wherever maidens weep—  
Wherever widows sigh—  
Not one I'll shrink—not even a Turk—  
To leave my Bachelor's side;  
Where all is chill and cold,  
Ay, even the bachelor's breath,  
And wrinkles come before their time,  
And he dies a lonely death!

My only hope is this,  
That may my debt be paid,  
And by some turn, a living ear  
From some old wealthy maid;  
My daily ham, and nightly dunn,  
The feast in the hall,  
But all from my wife, my help through life,  
And not from the jailor's hand!

Still one of Adam's heirs,  
Though doomed by chance of life  
To grieve and moan, and live alone,  
And not with a loving wife,  
To make such bumble shifts  
As poor old bachelors can,  
So crusty and cross, he never makes  
Fit company for man!

A wife! a wife! a wife!  
A widow, or a maid!  
With real estate, and money to boot,  
A house, with mortgage paid!  
Whatever the Fates ordain,  
Here's one that wants to wed,  
Whose heart will stir with a blessing to her  
Who'll fill his marriage bed!

Who every yearly round  
Adds to my bachelor's life,  
Makes matters worse, and gets a curse  
For giving me no wife;  
The very widow I hoped to get,  
As cash and credit fail,  
I'll make a bet, will see me yet  
Locked up in the County Jail.

SOLON SHASHPIES.

Boston, Jan. 8, 1845.

## The Story Teller.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

### First and Last Love.

BY MRS. LUDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Did you ever see so fair a chamber? Certainly its occupant or mistress has read Byron; for she has copied as nearly as circumstances would permit, his description of Zuleika's bower. And "she of this fair cell the sprite," behold she is here also. Fair she certainly is, and her eyes are large, and blue, pale blue; her hair is of the lightest brown, long and silken, and her hands white, though not of the smallest. She surely fancies herself the heroine of some romance, if we may judge from her languid air, as she lifts her heavy eyelids from the novel she is perusing—it is "The Children of the Abbey,"—and slowly turn her gaze from the page toward the ceiling, sighing.

"Oh, Sir, Lindenthal! If you could but read my devoted heart, then would that voice, ever so soft in its intonations to my ear, no longer hesitate to pour forth the passion which so thrills my heart in every glance of those deep dark eyes. I feel that I have not given my heart without requital, and yet—but it is the diffidence of true love; he shall read my worship in my silent devotion; surely his heart will understand the language of mine."

A gentle tap at the door—she rises, and admits the visitor, a girl apparently ten years her junior, for she can hardly have seen her sixteenth summer. She is truly an intelligent looking creature, and her dress testifies to the wealth of her father. But her young face is shadowed by passion, and her fine eyes swollen by recent weeping.

"Welcome, dear Mary," says her hostess. "But what ails you, love?"

"Oh dear Leonard, true and only friend," replies the young girl, "I bring you a broken heart. I am utterly undone!—My cruel father!"

"Dear, dear Mary, what has occurred which so agitates your gentle soul?"

"Oh Leonard, my father has discovered our secret, has intercepted a letter from my priceless-hearted Enrico; has written to him in an abusive and haughty strain; and is going to take me with him to-morrow on a long journey. I know not whither. I shall die. I cannot possibly endure this agony long. I shall perish like a young lily, whose stem is crushed by the cruel passer-by."

"Try and calm your agony, dearest," murmurs the fair Leonard; "can nothing be done? Is your father indeed inexorable? Can he, oh can he wrest around two hearts so fond, so true, so dearly plighted? Does he not know that woman's heart loves once, and forever?—That that one love is like a bark in which she gains all her treasures? That if it be lost she is thenceforth desolate, poor and miserable? Better, far better is it for a maiden to die, to go down in her young loveliness to the dark grave, than to see the rose of her first love wither on its stem; to feel the one hope of her existence crushed within her bosom. But what are your father's objections to young Enrico?"

"Oh he professes many, but they all turn on one point: Enrico is poor. He has no landed estates, no stock in banks or funds, no ships on the ocean. But he has all I ask—a fine person, a cultivated and noble mind, and

a generous and loving heart. I have plighted my faith to him forever. I will never think of another. My inhuman father shall see me die, but never give my hand without my heart."

"I applaud your resolution, Mary; but be comforted. Enrico has told you that his heart is yours. Oh, I could envy you that bliss, though you part from him now forever. My love is irrevocably given to one who knows not that the gem is his. Yet he loves me, Mary. I read it daily in his every glance and tone, and gesture. I will be his, or I will die a maid. But do not weep so, Mary. True love is ever, sooner or later, crowned with joy. Did you ever read of a true and devoted lady, who did not finally wed the man of her heart? Let us be like Amanda Malvina Fitz Allan, or Lady Helen Mar; and we shall triumph at last. But is your father utterly void of pity? Can no entreaty move his tyrant will, (heart he has none); can you by no means elude his vigilance, and abscond with Enrico?"

"No. Oh no. I have no hope, no choice but to submit and die. Enrico is too noble to urge me to an elopement, because in consequence of my father disinheriting me, we should be poor, and he cannot bear to be the means of lowering me in the world's estimation. If he could only know how much dearer his love is to me than wealth, and fame, and all my friends, he would lay aside such scruples. But I must go. The servant waits—farewell Leonard, I shall see you no more. I feel my heart breaking. My grave is ready in some distant land. Farewell, forever."

Five years have passed—In the hall of a handsome house, a young gentleman stands equipt, as for a journey. His wife holds his hand fondly, while with the other he caresses the lovely child pillowed upon her bosom!

"Oh, Charles," she murmurs, "I pray, be careful of yourself. If anything befall you, while you are away, what will become of me and this sweet boy?"

"Put your trust in God, my love," replied the gentleman. "He will keep me in all my ways, and if it be His will I shall speedily return and find my Mary and her boy well and happy."

Mary! Ah! so it is. The very Mary whom we met five years ago. But she is a woman now, mature in mind and person, and very beautiful. She grows pale, and trembles in her husband's parting embrace; and once more within her chamber, kneels and invokes upon him and herself the blessing of the Almighty. She is calm, as she rocks the cradle of her first born, and her eyes rest on his little form with an expression of holy love, that is in itself pure happiness. A servant announces a visitor. Mrs. Brown enters. As we live, this is our old acquaintance, the fair Leonard. But how she has improved! She looks now like a woman, a being of flesh and blood, soul and body. And her countenance is graced with a hearty good-natured smile. The ladies greet each other pleasantly, and as Mrs. Brown has come to spend the day with Mrs. Sherwood, we will continue awhile, and seek edification in their confidential chat. Ah, now they touch the subject about which we are curious.

"You are very happy with Charles Sherwood, Mary," remarks Mrs. Brown, inquiringly.

"Yes," that lady answers, "as happy as any rational woman can hope to be."

"But not as happy as you once imagined you could be with Frederick Enrico."

"Ah! that was a good deal your fault, Leonard. You were older than I, and looked up to you as a pattern and an oracle. We were sworn friends, and it is well that we never became estranged and vindictive—What tales we might tell of each other. But what ever became of your Sir Lindenthal?"

"Oh, he proved to be a horse thief, like most of the 'Sirs' that make their ephemeral appearance amongst us. He made the declaration which I so longed to hear; and his timely arrest alone prevented my becoming his victim by an elopement and clandestine marriage. It is astonishing how I ever got it into my head that I loved him. You were more excusable, for Enrico sought your love earnestly; and then you were so young. But speak the truth now, would you exchange Charles for Frederick?"

"Exchange Charles for Frederick! Oh Leonard, Charles is dearer to me than my life; and Frederick, were I now a girl, and emperor of the world, would be to me an object of aversion."

"And yet he was your first love, Mary."

"First love! What dramas of folly and madness are constantly enacting in its name—Much, very much of the misery that shadows the path of real life, has its root in this romance of first love. Young and inexperienced, we look upon the world as fledgling birds look from their covert nest in June, upon the wilderness of verdure, bloom and sunshine, spread gloriously over hill and plain, and valley—Poor things, how should they know that storm and frosty winter will surely come? Or how should we, under the present system of female education, know aught of the unavoidable and inevitable ills of life, until, with dismay and horror, we meet them in the ways of sage experience? It has become fashionable to shut the light of truth from the eyes of the young female, lest she should see that mankind are frail and wicked, and mortal. Lest she should learn that the rich and the poor, the oppressor, and the oppressed; the haughty, and the down-trodden, are all brethren. Man would be worshipped by the beautiful. How should she worship if she knew his nature? Thus, the world as it is, is shut from her eyes, and a fictitious world of romance spread around her by the popular and pernicious publications of the day. If I had become the wife of Enrico, and he had proved a truly worthy man, we should have been a miserable couple, because, in my utter ignorance of the human heart, I deemed him perfect. I saw no fault in him, while I endowed him with all the super-excellencies of the demigods of romance. Now in the near intercourse of domestic life, the inevitable blemishes of humanity must have become apparent. The consequences are obvious. But as you are aware, Frederick Enrico was a base deceiver, seeking by a marriage to obtain money to squander on his vices. He has already broken poor Ellen Murray's heart. Experience has taught me to believe that first love is a frail bark for a woman to venture her treasures in, upon the sea of life. It is most frequently a tissue of unreasonable and unreal fancies, and hopes, that have no foundation in reality. Oh, the disappointment and misery that grow up in the ruined halls of our fallen air castles! I admit that many who have married under the influence of a romantic

first love, have endured the wreck of romance, and become rational and happy wives; but too many sink with the wreck; or, turning from the owl, who has lost his peacock plumage, seek with restless yearnings for one who will realize the dream of youth."

"The present system of female education has much of crime, and more of suffering to answer for. The great mass of what are termed educated girls, are cast upon the sea of life, just as unprepared for its trials, as they would be to navigate each her steamship across the Atlantic."

"Your remarks are just," observes Mrs. Brown. "If Providence shall ever intrust me with the education of female children, it will be my earnest endeavor to keep their young hearts from the contagion of sentimental romance, and first love; to teach them that woman has higher duties than merely to love a man; a loftier destiny than to become a wife; sterner trials than the hopes and fears, which are the rose and thorn on the tree of human affection. If we were educated for Eternity, we should seldom sink beneath the ruin of crushed hope or disappointed love."

### Home.

To ensure, as far as possible, the society of her husband, at his own fire-side, let the wife be "a keeper at home," and do all in her power to render that fire-side as attractive as good temper, neatness, and cheerful, affectionate conversation can make it; let her strive to make his own home the soft green on which his heart loves to repose in the sunshine of domestic enjoyment. We can easily imagine, that even in paradise, when man had no apparition of guilt, no visions of crime, no spectral voice from a troubled conscience, to make him dread solitude, and flee from it, that even then Adam liked not, on his return from the labour of dressing the garden, to find Eve absent from his bower, but wanted the smiles of her countenance to light upon his own, and the music of her voice to be the melody of his soul."

"Think, then, how much more in his fallen estate, with guilt upon his conscience, and care pressing upon his heart, does man now, on coming from the scenes of anxious toil, need the aid of woman's companionship, to drive away the swarm of buzzing cares that light upon the heart to sting it; to smooth the brow ruffled with sadness; to tranquillize the bosom agitated with passion; and at once to reprove and comfort the mind that has in some measure yielded to temptation. O woman! thou knowest the hour when 'the good man of the house' will return at mid-day, while the sun is yet bowing down the laborer with the fierceness of his beams, or at evening, when the heat and the burden of the day are past; do not let him, at such a time, when he is weary with exertion, and faint with discouragement, find upon his coming to his habitation, that the foot which should hasten to meet him, is wandering at a distance; that the soft hand which should wipe away the sweat from his brow, is knocking at the door of other houses; nor let him find a wilderness, where he should enter a garden; confusion where he ought to see order; or filth that disgusts, where he might hope to behold neatness, that delights and attracts. If he be the case, who can wonder, that in the anguish of disappointment, and in the bitterness of a neglected and heart-sickened husband, he turns away from his door, for that comfort which he wished to enjoy at home, and that society which he hoped to find in his wife, and puts up with the substitutes for both, which he finds in the houses of other men, or in the company of other women."

United to be associates then, let man and wife be as much in each other's society as possible; and there must be something wrong in domestic life, when they need the aid of balls, routs, plays, card parties, to relieve them from the tediousness produced by home pursuits.—I thank God I am a stranger to that taste, which leads a man to flee from his own comfortable parlor, and the society of his wife, from the instruction and recreation contained in a well-stored library, or the evening rural walk, when the business of the day is over, to scenes of public amusement for enjoyment; to my judgment the pleasures of home, and of home society are all that could be desired, are such as never cloy, and need no change, but from one kindred scene to another.

I am sighing and longing, perhaps in vain, for a period when society shall be so elevated and so purified; when the love of knowledge will be so intense, and the habits of life will be so simple; when religion and morality will be so universally diffused, that men's homes will be the seat and circle of their pleasures; when in the society of an affectionate and intelligent wife, and of well educated children, each will find his greatest earthly delight; and when it will be felt to be no more necessary to happiness to quit their own fireside for the ball room or the concert, than it is to go from the well spread table to the public feast, to satisfy the craving of a healthy appetite; then it will be no longer imposed upon us to prove, that public amusements are improper, for they will be found to be unnecessary.

THE BARON ROTHSCHILD. The millionaire had been overtaken in the street by a shower, and no hackney coach presenting itself, stepped into an omnibus which was passing. Arrived opposite the Exchange, he made a sign to the conductor to stop, alighted, and was walking towards the temple of gold, absorbed in the financial operations of the day. "Stop," cried the conductor, "you have not paid your fare." "Oh! I forgot," answered the Baron, and he commenced a search in his pockets, which proved to be, unfortunately, empty—a fact which he announced. "No humbug, farceur," said the conductor; "you must fork over, and be sharp about it, too, for I can't wait here all day." "I am sorry that I have no sous, but here is my card, and—" The conductor threw back the card and cut short the Baron's apology with a volley of oaths. "Insolent fellow, I am the Baron de Rothschild!" "Connaiss pas—I want my six sous!" The banker, furious, and at the same time amused, drew from his pocket-book a coupon of 50,000 francs, Government five per cent. stocks, and handing it to his persecutor, demanded the change. Just at this moment a friend came by, and greatly to the relief of the astonished conductor paid the six sous, which he pocketed; and then, as if struck with remorse, made a low bow, and assured the Baron that if he was really out of money, he would lend him ten francs with pleasure.

[Cor. Bos. Atlas.

Hurrah for the girls of '44, cried a politician at a caucus. No, no, hurrah for the girls of '16, responded another, and the sentiment was enthusiastically cheered.

## The Humorist.

### A Rifle Shooting Story.

A correspondent has furnished us with the following details of a scene which caused the liveliest merriment at the time. We let him tell his own story:—

During the summer of 1835, the New York Rifle Club met weekly at the Thatched Cottage, Jersey City, for rifle practice. One day when the Club was making excellent shooting, a stranger intruded himself and commenced criticizing our mode of shooting, (we were shooting from a rest.) He conceived rest shooting "perfectly ridiculous." "Gentlemen," said he "Col. Smith, a neighbour of mine, will make better shooting off hand than you are making at rest!" "Indeed," remarked Col. H.—"what can your friend do, at off hand shooting?" "Why, Sir, at the distance of 100 yards, he can hit 25 cent piece 9 out of 10! He can hit a 10 cent piece 5 times out of 7! I have seen him hit a 5 cent 5 times in succession!" "Were the pieces thrown up or were they stationary?" enquired Col. H.—"Oh, they were stationary," answered the stranger. "Well, Sir," observed Col. H.—"I don't see any thing very remarkable in Col. Smith's shooting; if he had hit those 25, 10, and 5 cent pieces, when they were flying in the air, it would be considerable good shooting, but to hit them when stationary is no shooting at all!" "Indeed," responded the stranger. "Why, Sir," says Col. H.—"I belong to a Rifle Company in Vermont, 100 strong, called the 'Mountain Peak Rangers,' our Captain takes us out every week to practice; he draws us up in single file, and setting a cedar barrel rolling down a steep hill, we commence shooting right to left by the bang hole as it comes up! You know stranger, this is pretty quick work. We then shoot by sections, then by Platoons, and lastly by company. After the shooting is over, our Captain examines the barrel, and if he finds a single shot, that did not enter the bang hole, the member who missed is expelled, and I assure you, Sir, that I have belonged to this company eight years, and there has not been a single member expelled since I have been a member!"

The stranger looked "unutterable things," and left us in double quick time. We were never troubled with him after.—[An Old Member of the N. Y. Rifle Club.

TAKEN UP.—A swaggering fellow betting at an election, a constable got his eye on the great man, and recognized him as an old offender, of whom he was in pursuit.

"Come, I'll bet \$50 on Mr.—Who'll take me up?"

"I will," cried the constable, clapping his paw on his shoulder.

Mr. P., who is an early riser, finding the ground covered with snow, yesterday morning, ordered his man, a new hand in the family, to go and shovel the sidewalk off. Happening to look out, about an hour afterwards, he found John very busy with pick and spade removing the bricks into the street. "What the—are you doing now?" said Mr. P. "Faith! a hard job, I think," said John, "it seems to me you might let it lay till summer."

NOT BAD.—A Methodist preacher, expounding on his own authority, in a country village, remarked that "commentators did not agree with him." Next day he received a basket of kidney potatoes from one of the rustic disciples, who remarked that "since common taters didn't agree with him, he had taken the liberty to present him with some best kidney taters."

"AND FOUND."—Some time last Summer, when steamboat competition was at its height between Hartford and New York, a man was some way or other, precipitated overboard, and drowned. All efforts to find the body proved unavailing. An honest Yankee on board observed—"Wal, I reckon now, Capt, that it's right well for you that wasn't my brother what's drowned? Why so?" inquired the captain.—"On account of cause you've agreed for to carry for a dollar and found, rejoined the Yankee, and I'll be darn'd if I wouldn't make you live up to your 'gagement.'"

MAKING A FENCE.—Married, at Barnstable, by the Rev. John Gates, Mr. John Post to Miss Sophia Ralls. If this match don't "make a fence" of the first quality, we should like to know what stuff will. May they have many little Posts to support them through life.

A FAVORITE WITH THE GIRLS. An overseer in one of the Providence factories was discharged, when thirty of the girls struck, gave three cheers, and refused to work until he was reinstated.

DISADVANTAGE OF A THIN HIGH NOSE. The principal evil attending a thin high nose is the risk it runs of getting barked by accident.—It is a great provocation to temperance, as it is easily skinned when the possessor blunders against a lamp post.

A new work has just been published, entitled "The Afflicted Man's Companion."—Exchange paper.

The book is very well in its way, no doubt; but the best companion we know of for an afflicted man, is an amiable woman. We'll put her against anything.

AN UNGALLANT EDITOR.—A Western paper says "the ladies are the only sovereigns we own in this country." Upon which the Picayune most ungallantly remarks, that the owner of one of these sovereigns is very apt to have small change. Ladies, that editor must be vetoed.

A TENDER HEARTED DANSEL.—"Poor things how cold they must be, to have their coats taken off!" said a tender hearted dandel to a man skinning eels.

"Don't it hurt them?" "Not a whit, marm—they're used to it, and then you see we warm 'em directly, in fat, and that heats up their hurts. Pass 'em along Bill."

We once heard of a young lady who said there were but two things which, in looking back over her past life, she regretted; and one of these was, that she didn't eat more cake when her sister Fanny was married!

In this country we own no sovereigns, except the LADIES—God bless them!—and every man ought to have one of them! [Ex. paper.

What's more, if a man has one of these sovereigns any length of time, small change will come of itself. [Pic.

## HARDWARE.

FAIRBANKS & EYELETH have received, per Ship Osward and Adriaan, at Boston from Liverpool, a full and complete assortment of Birmingham and Sheffield Hardware and Saddlery Goods. Of their own Importation, and from manufacturers in this country, their Full Stock of AMERICAN HARDWARE and BUILDING MATERIALS. We also continue to sell Welch & Griffith's CIRCULAR and other SAWS, at low rates. Also on hand

THIRTY TONS IRON AND STEEL of all sizes, qualities and descriptions. Nails, Lead Pipe, Zinc, Sheet Lead, &c. &c.; also GERMAN and AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS, all sizes.

Our assortment is now good, and we will sell at extremely low prices for cash or good credit at wholesale and retail, at No. 4, PRINCE STREET, BUILDINGS, WATER SIDE, Augusta, Dec. 3, 1844. 49

### Hot Air Furnaces.

FOR HEATING BUILDINGS. THE subscriber is the sole agent for the sale of CHILSON'S LEVER GRATE FURNACES in Augusta and vicinity; he has them on hand and will give his personal attention to arranging and setting Furnaces in a proper manner, and warrants them to answer the recommendation. The lever grate, all candid judges will say, is the most perfect arrangement for a grate that has ever been invented; it is so constructed that the shaft of the grate projects out in front of the furnace, so that the grate is raised up or lowered down with ease, thus avoiding, by means of a lever attached to the grate, the trouble of poking the coal and preventing the ashes from escaping into the room. Any person wanting a furnace can see or be referred to one in use.

E. D. NORCROSS.

Augusta, Oct. 22, 1844. 43

### Patent Shingle Machine.

THE subscriber having received letters patent for an improvement in the SHINGLE MACHINE, is now ready to furnish them at short notice, and he would request those in want to call on him and examine the great improvement which he has made in the machine for sawing shingles. By his improvement one eighth more shingles can be sawed in the same given time than by any other machine now in use on the old plan. The above machines are warranted or no sale.

Agents.—J. R. Andrews, Sacarappa; G. W. Wakefield, Cherryfield; Messrs. Butler & Hancock, East Machias; and Mr. Matthias Vickery, Calais. All infringers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

ISAIAH G. JOHNSON.

Augusta, Maine, Sept. 4th, 1844. 38

### Life Insurance!

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent of "THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY," one of the best Institutions of the kind in this country, having a capital stock of \$1,000,000 paid up, as a guarantee of its safety and stability. Any person holding a policy becomes a Member of the Company, and is entitled to his proportion of the profits—according to the provisions of the charter.

In addition to the advantages to be derived to families, and others by means of this insurance, a creditor may frequently give himself additional security for his debt by insuring his debtor's life—or a person may be enabled, by procuring insurance upon his own life, to obtain a credit to any amount necessary in his business operations. Insurance may be had at moderate rates—for any term of years, or for life, upon \$100 and upwards, as may be desired.

Any information will be given, or applications for insurance received by the subscriber at his office in AUGUSTA, or by letter, post paid.

BENJ. A. G. FULLER.

September 2, 1844. 136

### Full Blood Merino Bucks.

THE subscriber offers for sale, one full blood Saxon Buck two years old; two full blood Merino Bucks of the same age, and a few Buck Lambs; all of which were selected from some of the "crack flocks" in Vermont and New Hampshire; also Merino and Grade Bucks raised on my farm.

NATHAN FOSTER.

Winthrop, Oct. 16, 1844. 43

### New Stock of Fall Goods

AT THE CLOTH, CLOTHING, AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE, No. 5, Bridge's Block, Water Street.

R. T. & J. L. BOSWORTH have received, and will continue to receive, a prime assortment of Goods suited to the Fall and Winter trade, to which they earnestly solicit the attention of purchasers.—Their assortment of BROADCLOTHS is extensive, including every quality and shade. Also stock of CASSIMERES and DOESKINS, including both fancy and plain of the latest styles; SATINETTS of every description; VESTINGS, an endless variety; Goods for Overcoats, including BEAVER CLOTHS, shawls, cloaks, and diamonds; Pilots, Flannels, &c. TRIMMINGS of all kinds, and the best qualities, together with many other Goods which we do not deem necessary to mention; all of which will be sold by the yard, or made up into garments, in the most fashionable style, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

### READY MADE CLOTHING.

They would invite the attention of all those in want of Clothing, to their assortment, which they deem sufficient to suit the wants of any person. Particular attention paid to Cutting.

In conclusion they would say, that they do not deem it necessary to boast of having the best assortment of any kind, that they will sell lower, or that they have the best Tailor; preferring rather to have an intelligent customer to decide on these questions. To their stock they solicit the patronage of the scrutinizing public.

Augusta, Oct. 3, 1844. 41

To the Honorable W. Emmons, Judge of the Court of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

The Petition and Representation of JAMES M. HAM, administrator on the estate of WILLIAM C. KENNEBEC, deceased, in and for the County of Kennebec, do hereby shew, that the personal estate of said deceased, which has come into the hands and possession of said administrator, is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the creditors thereof, and that said administrator therefore makes application to this Court, and prays your Honor that he may be authorized and empowered, agreeably to law, to sell and pass deed, to convey all of the real estate of said deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower, with incidental charges. All which is respectfully submitted.

JAMES M. HAM.

COUNTY OF KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate held in Augusta, on the last Monday of December, 1844.

On the Petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend on the last Monday of January next, at the Court of Probate in Augusta, to be held in and for the County of Kennebec, to show cause, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. Such notice to be given before said Court.

W. EMMONS, Judge.

Attest: FRANCIS DAVIS, Register.

Attest: FRANCIS DAVIS, Register.

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate in Augusta, within and for said County, on the last Monday of Dec., 1844.

JAMES L. CHILD, Administrator on the estate of WILLIAM J. FARR, late of Winslow, in said County, deceased, having presented his last and final account of Administration of the estate of said deceased, for allowance.

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the first Monday of February next, at ten of the clock A. M., and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

W. EMMONS, Judge.

A true copy.

Attest—F. DAVIS, Register. 2

### Forest Trees and Shrubbery.

THE subscriber gives notice that he is prepared to furnish FOREST TREES and SHRUBBERY, in any quantity, in order, at a reasonable price, which he will deliver by Steam Boat during the next season. He will also attend to the setting of the same if desired.

All orders for trees directed to the Maine Farmer Office will be attended to.

JOHN REED.

Augusta, Dec. 3, 1844. 439

### American Almanac for 1845.

JUST received and for sale by EDWARD FENNO.

Nov. 12, 1844.

## New Tailoring Establishment.



THE subscriber having opened shop at his old stand recently occupied by CHARLES BROWN, next door North of Wm. Hunt, invites his old customers and the public generally to call and examine his stock, consisting in part of the following desirable articles, viz: Superfine extra superfine English, German and American Broadcloth; Cassimeres and Duck of almost every color, among which are some very desirable styles; a good assortment of Beaver Cloth.

Rich Vestings. Some of the richest Vestings ever offered for sale in this town,—rich figured and plaid silk Vests; splendid rich Cassimeres; woolen and satin Vestings; which he respectfully invites customers to call and judge for themselves. By calling at the above establishment, gentlemen can have their garments made in the latest fashion and in a superior manner. All garments made at this establishment are warranted to fit.

For the proprietors, a Practical Tailor with many years' experience in business and paying personal attention to cutting he is enabled to sell Clothing as cheap as can be bought elsewhere.

\* Particular attention paid to Cutting and Fitting.

HORACE A. ANDREWS.

Augusta, Nov. 14, 1844. 47

TOOTH BRUSHES; Pocket Combs; Head Brushes; Dressing Combs; Cologne; Cologne Bottles; Silk Purse; Chess Men; Seal; Pencils; Pencil Cases; Steel Pens; and a great variety of other Fancy Articles, useful and ornamental, just received and for sale by EDWARD FENNO.

Augusta, Nov. 12, 1844. 46

1500 FEET GERMAN WINDOW GLASS, Patent do., from 7 by 9 to 12 by 20; 1500 ft. English do., from 7 by 9 to 12 by 20; also Red and Sarsaparilla Crown do., Waterford Pine Groove do., Glass Sheet do., and other qualities. Our assortment of GLASS is the best in town. The Deane Glass Works, in Maine, and the prices about the same as the celebrated Glasgow. Those wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine qualities and prices.

L. P. MEAD & CO.

In and 2d doors north of the Post Office—Water Street, January 1, 1845. 1

SCENES in my Native Land, by Mrs. Sigourney: Twelve Told Tales, by N. Hawthorne; Common and Scriptural Poetry Explained, by H. Chapin; The Sacred Flora; Life of Oliver Cromwell, by R. Southey; and other new and interesting books, just received and for sale by EDWARD FENNO.

Augusta, Jan. 1, 1845. 1

### The same story again but true!

RHEUMATISM Cured for 25 Cents. Such has been the call for J. ALLAN'S Vegetable Gum Rheumatism Plaster that 600 boxes sold in two countries in Massachusetts, in one month, and many have thrown away their crutches and canes, and have become themselves again, cured by a single application. The same has been done in Maine, and can be again. It is well adapted to the knowledge of the Agent, where it has been properly applied.

For sale by REUBEN PARTRIDGE, Augusta; Samuel Adams, Hallowell; Amey Clark, Gardiner; Alphonso H. Clark & Co., Fittsboro; Samuel Chandler, Winthrop; J. T. Fillebrown, Readfield; S. C. Moulton, Wayne; William Walker, Peru; John Hersey, Canton Point; and Noah Bosworth, Canton Mills; T. L. Owen, Bath, who are the sole Agents yet appointed.

Applications for Agencies must be made to JOHN S. FORD, 2d, Esq. General Agent for Maine and Massachusetts, post paid, which will be promptly attended to.

Monmouth, Dec. 23, 1844. 2m-2u

### Splendid Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale, that well known and fertile Farm situate in the Northwest part of Winthrop, belonging to the heirs of the late WALTER H. HARRIS. The Farm contains two hundred acres, well divided into tillage, pasturage, and a woodland. It is probably better fenced by strong and durable stone wall than any farm in Maine. The soil is in good condition and produces abundant crops, and the buildings are in excellent repair. It is well watered with a never failing supply of water; has a good orchard, a good chance for stock and tillage farm as any other of its size in this country. Terms reasonably low. For particulars given on unobscured security.

SETH MAY, Guardian of the heirs of late Walter Harris.

Winthrop, December 2, 1844. 49